And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

Cuddye.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Pires.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His mulicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike

Sike prayse is smoke, that shedded
Sike words bene wynd, and waste

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler cl
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly d
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars
Turne thee to those, that weld the
To doubted Knights, whose woun
And helmes enbrazed weren dayly

There may thy Muse display her
And stretch her selfe at large from
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* r
Or if thee please in bigger notes t
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee
That first the white beare to the st

And when the stubborne stroke of
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst t
And carrol lowde, and leade the
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same
So mought our *Cuddies* name to

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I h
Through his *Mecœnas* left his D
Whereon he earst had taught his
And laboured lands to yield the ti
And eft did sing of warres and de
So as the Heauens did quake his

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in clay
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is
And all the worthies liggen wra
That matter made for Poets on
For euer, who in derring doe were
The loftie verse of hem was loue

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